bodies there is a dry & withering cold, which congealeth the crudled blood, and frieseth the wetherbeate flesh, with stormes of Fortune, & hoare frosts of Care. To which purpose the olde man telleth a tale of the Oake and the Bryer, so liuely and so feelingly, as if the thing were set forth in some Picture before our eyes, more plainly could not appeare.

CVDDIE. THENOT.

AH for pittie, wil rancke Winters rage,
These bitter blasts neuer ginne tasswage?
The kene cold blowes through my beaten hyde,
All as I were through the body gryde.
My ragged rontes all shiuer and shake,
As doen high Towers in an earthquake:
They wont in the wind wagge their wrigle tailes,
Perke as Peacock: but nowe it auales.

THENOT.

Lewdly complainest thou laesie ladde,
Of Winters wracke, for making thee sadde.
Must not the world wend in his commun course
From good to badd, and from badde to worse,
From worse vnto that is worst of all,
And then returne to his former fall?
Who will not suffer the stormy time,
Where will he liue tyll the lusty prime?
Selfe haue I worne out thrise threttie yeares,
Some in much ioy, many in many teares:
Yet neuer complained of cold nor heate,
Of Sommers flame, nor of Winters threat:
Ne euer was to Fortune foeman,
But gently tooke, that vngently came.
And euer my flocke was my chiefe care,
Winter or Sommer they mought well fare.

CVDDIE.

No marueile *Thenot*, if thou can beare
Cherefully the Winters wrathfull cheare:
For Age and Winter accord full nie,
This chill, that cold, this crooked, that wrye.
And as the lowring Wether lookes downe,

So semest thou like good frydaye
But my flowring youth is foe to
My shippe vnwont in stormes to

THENOT.

The soueraigne of seas he bl
That once seabeate, will to sea a
So loytring liue you little heart
Keeping your beastes in the but
And when the shining sunne lar
You deemen, the Spring is com
Tho gynne you, fond flyes, the
And crowing in pypes made of
You thinken to be Lords of the
But eft, when ye count you free
Comes the breme winter with
Full of wrinckles and frostie fu
Dyerily shooting his stormy d
Which cruddles the blood, and
Then is your careless corage
Your carefull heards with cold
Then paye you the price of you
With weeping, and wayling, a

CVDDIE.

Ah foolish old man, I scorne
That wouldest me, my springi
I deeme, thy braine emperished
Through rusty elde, that hath
Or sicker thy head berap totti
So on thy corbe shoulder it lea
Now thy selfe hast lost both lo
Als my budding braunch thou
But were thy yeares greene, a
To other delights they would
Tho wouldest thou learne to c
And hery with hymnes thy la
Tho wouldest thou pype of *Ph*
But *Phyllis* is myne for many